

[You](#) by [PuffyPhantom](#)

Category: Danny Phantom

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Implied/Referenced Incest, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, M/M, S2 E17 Kindred Spirits, Sexual Content

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2024-09-02

Updated: 2024-09-02

Packaged: 2024-10-20 22:37:52

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,736

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Story URL: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/58642897>

Author

URL:

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/PuffyPhantom/pseuds/PuffyPhantom>

Summary:

Danny finds out what Vlad really wants.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters

Comments: 3

Kudos: 112

You

Author's Note:

As usual, there was supposed to be *a lot* more done to this...

It was as if he were looking into a mirror. White hair. Green eyes. A black and gray jumpsuit. Even the emblem at the center of his chest matched. Everything about him looked identical. The only distinguishing feature was the stoic expression that he wore, making him appear almost lifeless.

“He’s a clone. Obviously,” Vlad said, his shoes tapping quietly against the floor of his lab as he walked up to the clone. “Quite convincing, hm? The spitting image of you, I’d say. Though he’s certainly much calmer and more collected. And very much obedient.”

Danny blinked, gradually bringing himself out his initial dismay. His hands that he’d balled into fists had gone slack. Ignoring the uncomfortable weight that settled at the pit of his stomach, he tightened them into fists again, glaring at Vlad. “What kind of sick joke is this?”

“I assure you, Daniel, that this is no laughing matter.” Vlad moved to stand behind the clone. He set one large hand on each of his shoulders. “It’s a shame it had to come to this. Especially when it could’ve all been avoided had you chosen to accept my offer back then.”

Danny knit his brows together. “What are you talking about?”

There was a moment of eerie silence as Vlad did nothing but stare blankly at him. “Tell me, do you recall that time all those months ago? When we first revealed our true selves to each other?”

“How could I forget?” Danny answered bitterly.

“Consider the thought mutual, my dear boy.” Vlad let go of the clone and sighed, sounding painfully nostalgic. He began to slowly pace across the room, clasping his hands behind his back. “It was a special night, wasn’t it?”

One full of surprises and life-changing experiences. And, regrettably, some disappointment as well.”

Danny said nothing as his eyes followed Vlad walk past the clone.

Vlad stopped moving, looking down. “If only you had agreed to remain by my side...”

“What? Is *that* what all this is about?” Danny scoffed, recoiling his head in disgust. “So, because I didn’t want to be your pseudo son, you decided to make a clone of me instead? You creep.” He looked over at the clone, staring into its soulless eyes. He struggled to swallow the lump in his throat. Whether by morbid curiosity or something else, he couldn’t stop the next words from being said. “How did you even...?”

“Create him?” Vlad finished, looking up at Danny with a smile barely curling lips. “I admit it took a lot of dedication on my part, but once I had collected enough DNA and had the right equipment to get the job done... well, the rest is history, really.”

Danny narrowed his eyes. “DNA?” he repeated slowly and quietly.

“Indeed. Hair and saliva—amongst other things,” Vlad clarified, his tone utterly ordinary as if speaking about something mundane.

“You’re sick,” Danny muttered as he shook his head, unable to fully process all the information he was taking in. Vlad collecting... *pieces* of him... When had even done that? Had he been stalking him? Or maybe it was during those past encounters, where Danny had only thought Vlad was moving forward with another one of his schemes to kill his father. How long had this been in Vlad’s mind?

Danny didn’t want to know.

He’s heard too much. Far too much. He could feel his hands tingling as his instincts screamed at him to flee. But it would’ve been futile. He knew Vlad wouldn’t let him escape, and his powers were still limited from Vlad’s earlier attack. Even fighting back wasn’t a possibility. As perturbed as he

was, Danny had no choice to wait and listen to the distressing revelations made before him.

“I suppose I can’t place the entire blame on you for being unable to understand—not when you’re still so young.”

Danny tried his best to ignore the strange look Vlad gave him, shooting a look of displeasure in return. “Why am I here? Why’d you kidnap me? You have what you want now, don’t you? It’s not like I should matter to you anymore.”

“Quite the contrary, my boy.” Vlad said cryptically, standing next to the clone. He brought a hand up and began to gently brush some of his hair. His touch appeared almost fatherly. And it would’ve been interpreted as such if it were anyone else but Vlad doing it. “See, as hard as I worked to get to this point, there are still complications that I have yet been able to overcome.”

Danny watched warily as Vlad moved his hand down on of the clone’s arm. His eyes widened slightly. He didn’t know how he hadn’t noticed—maybe because of the rush of emotions clouding his perception—but the clone’s hand had started to dissolve. What Danny could only describe as ectoplasmic matter had replaced the tips of the clone’s fingers.

Vlad took the clone’s hand in his, lifting it. Drops of viscous bright green matter trailed down his palm and plopped onto the floor. “Even after an exhausting amount of trial and error, he remains unstable,” he said somberly, gazing down at the clone’s hand as it continued to melt away in his grasp. “But that doesn’t matter now.”

Danny flinched as Vlad suddenly reached up grabbed a fistful of the clone’s hair from the back of his head, making him wince as he forcefully tilted his head back but doing nothing to stop him.

“It was difficult for me to accept, but I eventually realized that all of my efforts would be in vain. To put it bluntly, I was delusional in thinking I could create a perfect copy,” Vlad said, his tone clearly expressing some form of scorn as he pulled away from the clone’s now completely liquified

hand, going for the clone's exposed neck. He trailed his fingers from the collar of his suit down to his sternum, leaving behind a trail of ectoplasm. His hand splayed across the white emblem, his palm large enough to cover the clone's entire chest.

If Danny thought he was uneasy before, that didn't compare to how he felt when Vlad brought his face closer to the clone. So close was he that the tips of their noses brushed against each other. Heart pounding against his chest, something gradually rose within Danny—a fierce combination of dread and denial.

“Because in the end, no matter how hard I try, he will never truly be *you*,” Vlad said, and then he pressed his lips against the clone's.

Rendered mute and stunned still, Danny looked on in horror as Vlad plunged his tongue inside the clone's seemingly all too willing mouth. His ears were soon filled with a loud and vulgar squelch, followed closely by another as Vlad continuously moved his tongue. At the same time, the hand on the clone's chest began to advance slowly downwards, sliding across his body in a disturbingly intimate way until it reached between his legs, where Vlad then cupped him and squeezed, and Danny could do nothing but watch the clone's face contort as he released a plaintive moan against Vlad's lips.

Danny doubled over, wrapping one arm around his middle as his other hand flew up to his mouth. He let out a strangled noise as he fought against that sickening rise within him, ultimately losing as it forced his hand away at the last moment. With his vision having gone blurry, he could only hear himself retch and listen to the loud splash of liquid landing on the floor right in front of him.

“Oh dear. What a mess.”

Legs weak, Danny stumbled. He caught his limp body enough to keep himself on his hands and knees, and he coughed and gagged repeatedly as his all his senses remained overpowered by something foul.

It was incomprehensible. It didn't make sense. He couldn't understand. He didn't want to. He didn't want to think about it, but his own fear compelled

him, forcing him to linger on what was unwillingly made privy to him. How Vlad really thinks of him. What he wants of him. A revolting combination of his son and something immoral...

Danny didn't realize that he'd crawled towards the nearest wall until his one of his shoulders bumped against it as he sat, leaning against it and wiping his mouth without really thinking. Time seem to have stopped. He felt numb.

He looked up without lifting his head as he heard a Vlad move, followed by a rush of water. The clone was gone, and a puddle of green resided where he had stood. Idly, Danny watched as Vlad walked away from a sink, carrying a bucket. He'd removed his suit jacket and had rolled his shirt sleeves up past his elbows.

"I created him out of spite," Vlad said out of nowhere, pouring the bucket of water onto the floor where the green puddle was. He walked a few steps to where Danny had been kneeling, and he poured the remaining water there before going to a far corner of the lab and grabbing a large industrial broom. "I tried waiting for you. To give you the time and opportunity to realize that you should be by my side. That you and I—as part of a unique existence—belong together," he said while he swept the floor, pushing the now blended liquids towards a floor drain in the middle of the room. "But that moment never came."

Another rush of water. Another sweep of the broom. Completely detached from his surroundings, Danny watched wordlessly as he brought his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them.

"I'm a patient man, Danny. But even I have my limits. I'm through playing this waiting game of seeing you come to me willingly." Vlad moved around the lab, putting all the items he'd used back where he'd gotten them. He washed his hands and dried them off with a towel as he turned to face Danny. His lips curled into a smile. "And that's why I brought you here tonight."

Danny did nothing as Vlad approached him, and he didn't fight back when Vlad grabbed one of his arm, tearing it away from its weak hold on himself.

A hand on his chin made him look up.

“Whether by your own choice or not, I *will* have you.”